Harry to *Harry*, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.
Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.
Dowg. Thats the worſt tydings, that I heare of yet.
Wor. I by my fayth that beares a frosty ſound.
Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?
Ver. To thirtie thouſand.
Hot. Fortie let it be.
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs, may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come, let vs take a Muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.
Dowg Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardol.

Fal. Bardol, get thee before to *Couentry*, fill mee a bottle of Sacke, our Souldiers ſhall march through; Weele to *Sutton-cop-hill* to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money Captaine?

Falſ. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Falſ. And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie, take them all, I'le anſwere the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*

Falſ. If I be aſhamed of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I haue miſuſed the Kings preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I preſſe me none but good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted Batchelers, ſuch as had ben askt twice on the Banes; ſuch a commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as leiue heare the Diuell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe then a ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I preſt me none but ſuch Toſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices: and now, my whole

whole charge conſiſtes of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloath where the Gluttons Dogs licked his Sores: and ſuch as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but diſcarded vniuſt Seruingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, reuolted Tapſters and Oſtlers trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme world, and long peace, times more diſhonourable ragged, then an old fac'd Ancient: and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue bought out their ſeruices, that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie tottered Prodigals, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A mad fellow met mee on the way, and tould mee I had vnloaded all the gibbetts, and preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeene ſuch Skar-crowes. Ile not march through *Couentry* with them, that's flat: nay, and the villaines march wide betweene the legs, as if they had Gyues on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon; there's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe ſhirt is twoo Napkins tackt togeather, and throwne ouer the ſhoulders like a Heraulds coate without ſleeues; and the Shirt to ſay the truth, ſtolne from mine Hoſt of *S. Albones*, or the red-noſe Inkeeper of *Daintry*: but that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on euery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prin. How now blowne Iacke? how now Quilt?

Fal. What *Hal?* How now madd wag, what a diuell doſt thou in *Warwick ſhire?* My good L. of *Weſtmerland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewesbury*.

Weſt. Fayth, *Sir Iohn*, t'is more then time, that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: the King I can tell you, lookes for vs all; we muſt away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteale Creame.

Prin. I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whoſe fellowes are theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer ſee ſuch pittifull raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toſſe, food for powder, food for